

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Comper*



HE WAS EYING HER WITH A LOOK IN WHICH ADMIRATION, CUNNING, AND TRIUMPH WERE CURIOUSLY BLENDED.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

A TALE OF THE COVENANTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE public execution of the celebrated Lord Warriston, which took place about this period, tended still further to increase the people's horror of the Privy Council, of which the persecuting Sharpe was a member. Young Hamilton especially, from his being closely connected with the martyred nobleman, was loud in his denunciations against the prelates, the chief instigators of the cruel persecutions of that time.

Curate Philips, in his capacity of informer, immediately acquainted his employers with the dangerous nature of the sentiments entertained by Richard Hamilton, and ended with advising them to arrest so seditious a person. Through the imprisonment of the brother, the worthless curate hoped not only to be revenged for young Hamilton's contemptuous treatment of himself, but also to achieve the designs he still entertained upon the sister, by working on her affection for her brother, and leading her to believe that his life and liberty depended solely on her acceptance of his formerly spurned addresses.

The curate's communication received prompt attention

from the party in power, who were only too glad to receive such information. An order was instantly despatched to Captain Nisbett to set out for Lindenvale with a party of soldiers, and take prisoner to Lanark "one Richard Hamilton, suspected of entertaining designs prejudicial to the safety and welfare of his Majesty's Government." This commission was anything but agreeable to young Nisbett. The brother was of interest to him for the sake of the sister, nor could he expect she would ever consent to marry one who had deprived her of her sole remaining relative. Would not her brother's imprisonment tend to increase her dislike towards the royalists, and render her indignant with all who took part, however unwillingly, in their stern measures? Reflections such as these were far from comforting; and Captain Nisbett wished that the prelates had made choice of another commander on this occasion. But the order having come to him, he dared not disobey.

The soldiers' approach was descried by Harriet Hamilton. Trembling, she made her brother aware of their vicinity.

"Fly, Richard, fly!" she exclaimed, in an agony of terror; "ere many minutes elapse they will be at the gate, and escape impossible!"

Her brother calmly advanced towards the window, and reconnoitred the approaching column.

"Ha!" he said, "thirty men—and commanded by that miserable Nisbett."

Harriet became deadly pale as her brother uttered these words, and grasped a chair for support against falling.

"Fly, fly!" were the only words her trembling lips could frame.

"Too late!" said young Hamilton, folding his arms across his breast; "they would capture me ere I had run many paces. This is the curate's work!" he added, bitterly.

Harriet threw herself on his neck. "My brother, my dear, dear brother!" she sobbed.

While Richard Hamilton was soothing and comforting her, Captain Nisbett entered. In hesitating accents the officer proceeded to explain the cause of his intrusion. Young Hamilton sternly interrupted him.

"Words are unnecessary," he said, coldly. "You have come to make me prisoner. I am ready to accompany you."

"Richard—Harriet—I mean Miss Hamilton," stammered Walter Nisbett, "do not think I have undertaken this duty willingly. It was forced upon me."

"Apologies are superfluous," haughtily rejoined young Hamilton. "Servants must obey their master's orders."

The red blood suffused the officer's face at this cutting speech. Suppressing his anger, however, he replied, calmly—"Your remark is rude, but I am not one to exult over a prisoner. You wrong me foully in supposing me capable of triumphing in your misfortune. Joyfully would I have conceded my right of command to another, but it was impossible. I had no other alternative than to obey. Richard Hamilton, I am forced to make you my prisoner."

"But one word," said young Hamilton. "Whom have I to thank for this?"

"Curate Philips."

"I thought so!" Harriet, avoid that man. Farewell, my dear sister; we shall, I trust, soon meet again." He folded her tenderly in his arms, invoking God's blessing on her unprotected head. Avoiding Captain Nisbett's earnest, imploring gaze, the sorrowful maiden threw herself on the nearest chair, and covered her face with her hands, as though to shut out the harrowing scene.

Recalled from her momentary stupefaction by her lover's voice as he gave the order to march, she started to her feet and gazed wildly around. She was alone. Clasp- ing her hands in agony, she rushed to the window. The soldiers were wending their way along the avenue. In the midst rode Richard Hamilton. Captain Nisbett was riding slowly in the rear, with his head turned in the direction of the house.

Observing her, he raised his hat and waved an adieu. Harriet responded not to his courtesy—he had deprived her of her only brother. Sadly she gazed after the departing cavalcade, until an abrupt turning in the road concealed it from view; then, leaning her head on her hand, she abandoned herself to gloomy thoughts. The loveliness of the scene without contributed to her dejection. The sun's bright rays, transmitted through the dusky foliage of the aged elms, bathed the glen in a flood of light, while the chiding of the brook, the cooing of the turtle-dove, and the sighing of the wind through the trees, completed the dreamy melancholy of the picture. On the breeze was borne the sound of a distant bell. Nought else disturbed the universal calm. Remembrance of the sunny past rushed across the maiden's heart; memory flew over many a scene of vanished happiness, and she wept unconstrainedly. A dog's low whine smote on her ear. It proceeded from her brother's faithful hound Hector. The creature was lying at her feet, regarding her with sorrowful eyes.

Sympathy, even from a dumb animal, is comforting to the sad heart; with a bitter sigh poor Harriet put her hand round the attached creature's neck, exclaiming, "They have taken your master away; we are alone now, dear Hector!"

Suddenly the dog growled. On looking up, the maiden's eyes encountered those of Curate Philips. Standing without, he was leaning his arms on the window-sill, and eying her with a look in which admiration, cunning, and triumph were curiously blended. Averting her eyes from his basilisk gaze, she summoned up courage sufficient to demand his reasons for thus intruding upon her privacy. The studied coldness of her look and manner deeply incensed the curate; but, veiling his annoyance beneath an earnest, respectful manner, he replied, "To save your brother, Miss Hamilton."

"How came you to be aware of his capture?" she demanded, quickly.

"He passed me in company with the soldiers," replied the curate, lowering his eyes before the keen, penetrating gaze of the indignant maiden.

Knowing, as she did, the share this man had in her brother's imprisonment, Harriet Hamilton could scarce forbear charging him with his baseness, and dismissing him instantly from her presence; but, resolving to conceal her knowledge of his baseness until he had fully unmasked his designs regarding herself, she remained silent, gazing upwards on the clear blue heavens.

Philips's hollow, sinister eyes became riveted on her face as she sat thus. Her loveliness stirred up anew the fierce passion burning within his breast; and at length, wholly unable any longer to conceal his feelings, he addressed her.

The sudden paleness overspreading the maiden's cheek, and the slight contraction of her forehead, alone betrayed she heard and understood the nature of the avowal which in impassioned language he poured forth.

"I will listen no longer to your mad ravings!" cried Harriet Hamilton, starting to her feet, her eyes flashing, her cheek crimsoned with anger. "Begone! Insult me no longer with your hateful presence." She made a movement to depart.

"Stay," he replied: "your brother's life, your own safety depends on your listening calmly to much yet unspoken. Should you remain, he may be saved; leave me thus, and he dies."

Trembling and faint, the maiden resumed her seat. Philips continued: "My overtures of friendship your brother repulsed with scorn; my society he avoided, my ministrations he shunned. Although deeply wounded at his conduct, still for your sweet sake I was anxious to prevent the prelates obtaining knowledge of his contemptuous treatment of one whom they deemed worthy to undertake the cure of souls. Unfortunately, my good intentions were frustrated; he fell under suspicion, and was subjected to a heavy fine. His unguarded remarks on the subject of Lord Warriston's execution have drawn down on his head the vengeance of the Privy Council. Apprised of the fate in store for him, I was hastening hither to warn him of his danger, when the sight of the soldiers conveying your brother captive rendered fruitless any endeavour on my part to save him. Keeping out of view until they had passed, I pursued my way to the house, hoping, should you grant me an interview, we might be able to concert measures for his present safety and ultimate freedom."

"To what does this long preamble tend?" said Harriet, coldly.

"To convince you that your brother's life is in your hands," replied the curate slowly, and looking fixedly in her face.

"What mean you?"

"That I stand high in favour with the prelates;—promise to be my wife, and my influence shall be used in your brother's behalf. Without a friend to plead his cause before the court, he must perish. Harriet, bestow yourself on me, and I will be that friend. Do you consent?"

"Wretch!" indignantly exclaimed the insulted girl; "dare you address such language to me? Think not, because indignant feelings held me silent, that I believed the base falsehoods you poured into my ear. Your villainy is well known to me. You, and you alone, were the prelates' informer. To carry out your designs upon the sister, you wrought the brother's destruction; and yet you dare pollute this house with your presence, miserable sycophant that you are! Wed with thee! Rather would I be the wife of the meanest hind on Lindenvale estate, for then I should have an honest man for my husband; but you—you, whose black soul is stained with perjury and crimes of crimson dye—I bid you quit! avaunt! Rather would my noble brother die a thousand deaths than owe his life to a creature vile as thou!"

In a transport of fury Philips shook his clenched hand in her face, exclaiming the while, "Dearly shalt thou rue this insolence to one who has thee in his power. The love I bore thee has already turned to bitter hatred. In spurning my advances thou hast inflicted a wound blood alone can heal. I will this instant to Prelate Sharpe, and Richard Hamilton——"

"Is here, villain, to punish thee as thou deservest!"

Paralysed with fear on beholding young Hamilton striding towards him, Philips turned to fly, but the powerful grasp of his foe was on his collar, and the next instant he lay prostrate on the ground.

"Richard! Heaven be praised!" Harriet sprang towards her brother, and sank into his arms.

Seizing the favourable opportunity to make his escape, the crest-fallen curate gathered himself up, and bestowing a scowling glance, accompanied with a menacing gesture in the direction of the offending pair, stole noiselessly away through the glen.

Mr. Weir, who accompanied young Hamilton, now made his appearance on the scene. Well-nigh hysterical through excess of joy, Harriet threw herself alternately on the breast of each, weeping and imploring them not to leave her alone in the neighbourhood of that wicked curate.

"My dear sister," said her brother, after he had related to her the particulars of his escape from the soldiers, "I must not tarry an instant. Captain Nisbett, apprised of my reappearance by this miscreant, who I perceive has taken himself away, will soon return; therefore I shall betake myself to the hills for a season. But fear not any further persecution from that creature Philips; our good old friend, whom I fortunately encountered, will remain at Lindenvale and watch over your safety until such time as I can return hither."

CHAPTER V.

WHILE the yet trembling maiden was pouring forth her thanks to Mr. Weir for his promised protection, the galloping of horses' feet was heard. With a fervent blessing young Hamilton clasped her in his arms, wrung Mr. Weir's hand, and disappeared amongst the trees just as the soldier's helmets became visible in the avenue. Motioning her aged friend to enter the house, Harriet Hamilton stood awaiting their approach. Captain Nisbett was the first to advance.

"Miss Hamilton," he said eagerly, "your brother has escaped. Although rejoiced he has done so, yet, to save appearances, I must institute a slight search in and around Lindenvale; do not let this distress you."

"Oh, Walter," murmured Harriet almost inaudibly, "Richard is but a moment gone!"

Captain Nisbett became deadly pale.

"Fear not," he said, reassuringly; "it is scarcely probable he will be found lurking in the neighbourhood of danger." He paused. Rapid footsteps were that instant heard in the glen; and, ere Harriet had time to frame the question hovering on her lips, Curate Philips stood before her. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes keen with apparent excitement.

"Haste, haste, Captain Nisbett!" he shouted, "and you will soon retake your prisoner. He has sought refuge in yonder glen"—he pointed towards the hills—"follow me, and I will conduct you to his hiding-place." Harriet screamed in agony. Young Nisbett remained motionless through surprise and mortification.

"Wherefore do you tarry?" cried the curate, fiercely, perceiving the officer's unwillingness to set out in pursuit of his late captive. "Are you false to your colours—to the king whom you profess to serve? Beware! lest I report your lukewarm zeal in the proper quarter."

Uttering a loud exclamation of mingled shame and indignation, Walter Nisbett set spurs to his horse, and, calling on his men to follow him, dashed through the glen, nearly upsetting the officious curate in his haste. With a low mocking laugh Philips turned towards the shrinking girl, and, pointing in the direction of the soldiers, uttered the single word "Revenge!" and hastened after them. With an anguished cry Harriet sank on her knees, and poured forth her soul in earnest supplication to that God whose ears are open to the prayers of his suffering servants. While praying thus for her brother's safety, the shouts and oaths of his pursuers were borne on the breeze. Fearing they had discovered his place of concealment, she was about to follow them, when Mr. Weir, who had again joined her, prevented her from accomplishing her purpose. An hour passed away; day slowly faded from the eastern sky, and a shadowy twilight enwrapped nature in obscurity; still the maiden

retained her position, awaiting with a beating heart the longed-for yet dreaded return of the soldiers. Her quick ear soon detected their swift approach. Leaning on the arm of Mr. Weir, she advanced in their direction. The angry remarks indulged in by the foremost rider satisfied her that her brother had made his escape, and she clasped her hands in mute thankfulness to the Almighty for his Fatherly protection.

"Whom have we here?" said one of the soldiers, his quick eye detecting the advancing figures.

"Some rascally Whig and his daughter, I'll go bail," was the reply; "confound this darkness, that one cannot see what stuff the girl is made of! Were she pretty, there would be some excuse for our stopping her, merely to ask the nearest way to Lanark!" A roar of laughter followed this remark.

"Hang these brawling Puritans!" exclaimed a third; "pursuing that fellow Hamilton has cost me as good a steed as ever rode across country. Would I had obtained but a glimpse of the skulking rascal, and he should have tested my ability as a marksman."

Harriet shuddered. "Let us return," she whispered, clinging convulsively to her companion. "My brother has escaped; it is of no use our proceeding farther." While retracing their steps, a horseman approached, and, doffing his cap, addressed a few words in an undertone to Harriet Hamilton. The speaker was Captain Nisbett. In faltering accents Harriet expressed her joy at her brother's safety, and gratitude to her lover for his sharing her happiness.

"Ah, Walter," she said, sadly, after a moment's pause, "are you not yet disgusted with the cruelty of those whose cause you espouse so warmly? But for this dear old friend, who was torn from us that his church might be bestowed on that base informer Philips, I should at this moment have been seated in Lindenvale, with no other companion than my melancholy reflections on the too probable fate of a fugitive brother—a brother torn from home and me. Think calmly, seriously, Walter, on the part you have chosen; contrast the fierce oppression of your party with the patient endurance of ours, and you will, I am firmly persuaded, soon cease to be an instrument in the hands of the royalists." Young Nisbett hung his head and sighed audibly. Mr. Weir now addressed him.

"You have," he said, "this evening evinced such true generosity of soul in rejoicing with my dear young friend over her brother's escape from deadly peril, that I cannot but express my surprise and regret to find so goodly a branch grafted on to so unsightly a tree, and would fain endeavour with God's blessing to dissuade you from uniting your soul with the assemblies of the wicked. Listen to me, Captain Nisbett," pursued the aged minister, in his earnestness placing his hand on the officer's bridle; "you love this maiden, and she, I am persuaded, returns your affection; still, as the pastor to whom God has intrusted the care of her immortal soul, and at whose hands he will require it at the last day, I cannot counsel her to wed with one an avowed enemy of her religion and practice. You may solace yourself with the belief that Harriet Hamilton will yet be induced to relent in your favour; but youth and hopes doomed never to be realised go hand in hand; therefore foster not fond delusions: until you have ceased to fight in the ranks of our enemies, she will never be yours. As to the brilliant deeds achieved by your party, what are they? Hearken while I relate them. At this instant there are four hundred ministers who, forcibly ejected from their churches, preach the Word of God on the solitary moor and lonely dell. Wherefore were

these faithful preachers of the Gospel thus persecuted? Because they scorned to renounce the principles they regarded as sacred. By orders of your prelates these beacon lights have been wrongfully removed from their places, and the peasantry of Scotland are left without spiritual guides. Perhaps you may think there was little or no harm in turning out these inoffensive men: well, then, I will furnish you with another instance of prelatic cruelty. But a few months since, I stood with a numerous crowd in front of a scaffold on which a kneeling prisoner was commending his soul to God. Who was the feeble old man then supplicating pardon for himself and his enemies? None other than the celebrated Lord Warriston; he whose fervid eloquence in behalf of his suffering countrymen formerly enchained his hearers. Imbecile in mind, enfeebled in body through improper medical treatment, he was treacherously yielded up by the French king to one of his enemies. 'To the block with him!' cried the ruthless Lauderdale. Thus ignominiously perished one whose clarion voice shook prelacy to its very centre. Deeds like these when recorded in history cannot but earn for your associates an unenviable name; therefore be warned in time and withdraw yourself from the society of those whose career may, perchance, be marked by a delusive brightness, but is like that of the deceitful flame which misleads the benighted traveller, and not the sure, steadfast ray that guides him in safety to a haven of rest."

"Oh, Walter," said Harriet Hamilton in a beseeching tone, "regard not as foolishness the words of solemn warning my reverend friend has addressed to you. God grant they may take deep root in your mind, for out of the fulness of his heart he has spoken. Nor has he heightened the picture. Look around and see how the persecuting reign of prelacy has changed the aspect of this once peaceful and happy country. Where the shepherd roamed with his fleecy charge now lurks the homeless peasant, who has dared to maintain his right to be allowed unfettered liberty of conscience—man's noblest privilege. Over those desolate moors and valleys, once barely trodden by the foot of man, the armed dragoon careers madly along in pursuit of a human victim, forced like the hunted hare to have recourse to the rocks and caves of the earth. Consider this, Walter, and cease to make one of the persecuting band. I ask you not to remember all I have suffered at the hands of your party, although the execution of my noble relative, whose brilliant orations in defence of his so-styled heretical opinions brought him to the scaffold, and the impeachment of a beloved brother, have caused me bitter grief; let not your avowed love for me weigh in the balance; but reflect on the perils menacing your immortal soul, and the wrongfulness of consorting with those whose hands are red with the blood of the innocent. You are silent—have we, indeed, succeeded in awakening you to a sense of your danger?"

"My silence," answered Captain Nisbett, in dejected tones, "proceeds not from conviction but sorrow, to think you are placing obstacles in the way of our love when no such barriers should exist. Although embracing different opinions, that should not prevent each from admiring and esteeming deserving members of the opposite party, or from awarding praise to many noble and gifted individuals unhappily separated by religious differences. Deploring, as I do, the stern measures our rulers deem essential for the future welfare of church and state, yet I cannot altogether accuse them of undue harshness. Disliking fanaticism, they wish to establish a new order of church government; to this your stricter order of Presbyterians are foolishly averse. For the

furtherance of their views, our prelates have thrust out the protesting clergymen, and put indulged ones in their places. The ministrations of these curates you refuse to attend; and this forms the cause of the present unfortunate misunderstanding, soon, I hope, to be happily removed."

"Never while such men as Philips are suffered to occupy the pulpits of their God-fearing predecessors!" interrupted Harriet Hamilton. "What benefit can be derived from the preaching of a man who thinks nought of compassing a brother's destruction that he may succeed in winning the hand of the sister?"

"What, Harriet! has the villain dared——"

"What will not villains dare to do? This very evening," she pursued hurriedly, "after you had led Richard away, that Judas approached me, serpent-like, while seated at the window mourning over my brother's capture, and sought to win my confidence by informing me that he had hastened to Lindenvale, hoping to save him. In mute scorn I listened until Philips, grown bold through my silence, avowed his love for me, and promised, should I become his wife, to intercede with the prelates in Richard's behalf. Indignantly I repulsed him. The miscreant then proceeded to threaten me, when my noble brother, darting forth from behind some bushes, laid him at his feet. You know the rest. With hate in his eyes, and vengeance gnawing at his heart-strings, Philips, who had observed the path pursued by Richard, offered himself as guide in this mission of treachery; ere following you, however, he fixed his sinister gaze on my face, and with an insulting laugh uttered the word 'Revenge!' in accents which made me shudder. Walter, that fearful word rings yet in mine ear; and I feel persuaded that man will yet compass my brother's destruction."

"Base scoundrel!" exclaimed young Nisbett, indignantly; "would that I had known this ere setting out in pursuit of Richard, and I would have given him good reason to remember his audacity. Had I been aware of his insolence to you, he should have experienced the weight of my arm."

"Hush, hush!" said Harriet, imploringly; "remember the darkness; for aught we know, Philips may be near us. Whither went he?"

"I noticed not his departure; but should he have been playing the eavesdropper——" A mocking laugh interrupted young Nisbett in the midst of his reply. Drawing his sword, the indignant officer gazed around him, striving to pierce the gloom with his quick glances; but nought could he see.

"Oh, horror!" murmured Harriet, "he has overheard our conversation; you also will have incurred his resentment!" The terrible word "Revenge!" shouted in the curate's voice, was borne towards them on the wind. Speechless through terror, the maiden clung helplessly to her lover's arm.

"Harriet, dear Harriet!" passionately exclaimed Captain Nisbett, "do not deny my prayer; give me the right to style myself your protector, and that scoundrel Philips shall pay the penalty of his presumption. Promise you will be my wife."

"Never while you fight in the royalist cause."

"Say not so. I cannot consistently with honour resign my commission; then wherefore consign me to hopeless despair? Oh, Mr. Weir, do not permit your scruples to weigh against our attachment! Once mine, she will be safe from that man's pursuit; and I promise, by all I hold sacred, never shall she have cause to repent her choice."

"God will protect her," said the minister, solemnly.

"Walter," replied Harriet, "it must not, cannot be! We are now at Lindenvale gate—farewell! be happy in the future and forget the past."

"Forget the past!" exclaimed young Nisbett, bitterly; "then were I miserable indeed! Oh, Harriet, henceforward my only happiness will be linked with remembrance of that past, so fraught with memories of thee."

"Strive to forget it," sobbed Harriet.

"There is no real forgetfulness in life," said her lover, sadly; "even as the stars shine forth in redoubled splendour, when the cloud that for a time concealed their lustre has passed away, so is sweet memory of the past rendered brighter through contrast with the darkness overhanging our present existence. But, farewell; perhaps the time is not far distant when you may be led to confess that a generous heart can beat beneath the coat of a royalist officer."

So saying, he galloped hastily away. Harriet, leaning more heavily on her aged companion's arm, murmured in sorrowful accents, "Poor Walter! we will pray God to bless and protect him."

THOUGHTS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

I SAT at eve upon the pebbly shore:
The round red sun had faded in the west,
Leaving soft cloudlets of the palest rose
Where he had lingered: and the evening breeze
Was hushed to tender sighing, and the tide
Was gently sinking to its lowest ebb,
While the lone sea-birds mourned its falling strength
In plaintive notes whose tones were consonant
With the sad inner voices of my thoughts.
The desolate shore stretched far and wildly forth
Its bare brown arms to embrace the truant sea,
Which still receded from the longing touch;
While o'er the echoing boundless waste I heard
Deep sounds, like rolling of his chariot wheels,
As though he mocked the lonely waiting shore
With parting promise of his quick return.

And thus, I thought, thousands of human hearts
Waste vain desires upon th' intangible:
Grasping at Friendship, faithless summer-bird,
That swift takes wing when winter clouds appear;
Pining for Love, that frail and perishing flower;
Dreaming of Hope fulfill'd—ah! where's the heart
Can chronicle the truth and constancy
Of Hope's delusive smile?—thirsting for joys
Which in the tasting vanish; feeling void
In the poor craving breast—still asking more,
And destined never to be satisfied.

But, while I thus sat musing, lo! there came
Into my sadden'd soul a thought of peace:
"Is there not friendship closer than a brother's,
Undying and unchangeable as are
Those lofty mountains, which to thee appear
Almost to reach the skies? Is there not love
Boundless and fathomless, and vast as is
Yon distant ocean, stretching out afar?
Are there not promises which never fail
The soul that trusts in them; and hopes whose fruit
Is tenfold sweeter than our heart's desire?
Thou knowest where to look—none ask in vain;
And, having once attained those precious gifts,
Thou'lt seek no more the world's vain fleeting joys."

J. F. F.

THE VOLCANOES OF AUVERGNE.

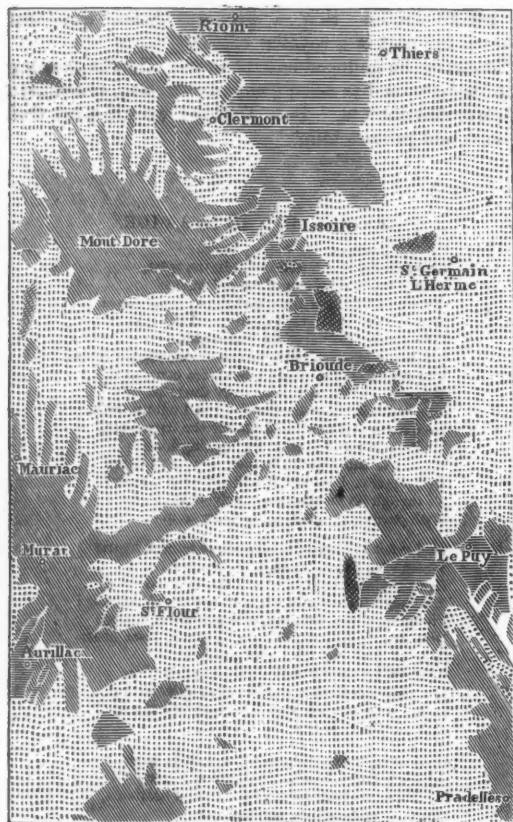
BY S. R. PATTISON, F.R.S.

I.—THEIR CHARACTER AND TESTIMONY.

ABOUT three hundred miles south of Paris lies a district with physical features altogether peculiar, extending over one hundred square miles. This is Auvergne, a name which has disappeared from the maps of France, having been superseded by the departmental names of Puy de Dôme, Haute-Loire, Cantal, and Ardèche.

Its peculiarity consists, not in the magnitude of its mountains, or multiplicity of its streams (though it has respectable claims to notice in both these respects), but in the crater-like form and cinder-like materials of the hills, provincially called *Puys* or *Pics*, and the strange fossil contents of the white marls in the valleys.

The base of the whole district is granite, which here forms an intermediate outburst between the Alps on the east and the Pyrenees on the west. Three grand centres of volcanic eruption have disturbed the granite foundation, and superimposed on it mountains of ashes and cinders, with streams of lava and consolidated mud.



LACUSTRINE TERTIARY. VOLCANIC. COAL. GRANITE.

More than once, vast sheets of molten matter have been spread over large areas, and again broken through by fresh explosions; rivers have been dammed and widened into lakes; valleys filled up and again excavated, forests entombed, and whole successive races and groups of animals been enveloped and petrified.

The disturbances affecting the granite have no connection with the volcanic forces long afterwards developed. After its consolidation, the sedimentary strata forming the present detached coal-fields were deposited in isolated patches. Marshes, lakes, and mud-carrying rivers diversified the granite country. Tree-ferns and numerous plants, bearing the beautiful impress of creative skill, abounded, and by their decay served to augment the great preparation for the world's future.

The coal at Langeac is characterised by great quan-

ties of fossil fruits, as though it had resulted from the entombment of special spice-islands of the ancient world. The remains of a peculiarly rich vegetation in this one locality offers a notable analogy to the existence of favoured fruit-bearing spots on the present earth. Nowhere else has there hitherto been discovered such a harvest of palæozoic (old life) fruits. After this there were ages of tranquillity and slow elevating movement which gradually altered the surface configuration of the land. In the seas around the borders of the district sandstone and oolitic strata were being built up, but in Auvergne itself there is an entire break between the carboniferous and tertiary strata. After immeasurable intervals, layers of bright sand and coloured clay succeed, derived from the degradation of the granite masses around. This is called by geologists lower eocene. The landscape was now dotted over with lakes and woods. A few bones and leaves only remain as organic witnesses of this epoch. These are found in sediment which was slowly deposited in lakes, originating in rivers barred back by elevation of the lower ends of their valleys. Another change took place, followed by a long repose,—the period called the miocene tertiary.* Large creatures, somewhat like the tapir of South America, the Palæotheres, reigned lords of the ascendant. These gentle ruminant vegetarians abounded in the miocene tertiary life period, and were accompanied by at least fifteen species of birds analogous to the cranes, flamingoes, and gulls of our day. Their petrified nests and eggs may now be seen in the museums at Le Puy. A few small carnivorous animals occur, and more numerous squirrel-like and insect-eating creatures, with two or three opossums; whilst turtles rested on the sandy shores, and fish, singularly numerous, but of one or two species only, swarmed in the waters. Air, earth, and waters had a busy population, created, placed, and sustained in circumstances fitted for the enjoyment of the wondrous gift of life.

It was the bones of the Palæotherium of this period, discovered in the building-stone quarries near Paris, which, under the skilled eye of Cuvier, first gave rise to the successful study of fossil comparative anatomy, and to those marvellous restorations so creditable to anatomical science, and so gratifying to the theologian, who loves to see the demonstrations of the wisdom and goodness of his Heavenly Father in all departments of human investigation.

I obtained an excellent idea of the nature and of the value of this evidence by working in the white pits of the lacustrine formation near Gergovia, and finding the bones scattered here and there, as on a mud beach. The completeness of the group of life thus reproduced is shown by the following table of fossils actually determined by M. Pomel:†—

Hoofed animals	42	Reptiles	7
Carnivores	26	Lizards	6
Gnawers	15	Snakes	1
Insect-eaters	12	Frogs	5
Bat-winged	1	Fishes	4
Birds, several.			

These remains are found in the subsoil of the great plain called the Limagne, proverbial for its fertility. The base of the hills around Gergovia on the north, and Le Puy on the south, show large sections of the white marl, with sandy limestone and clay. These

* Eocene, dawn of recent life period. Miocene, middle proportion of life period—a period having no representation in our country, but of first importance in Auvergne. Pliocene, greater proportion of recent life period.

† Pomel, Catalogue, etc. Paris, 1854.

hardened sediments occupy the whole of the lower valleys, and are tilted up on edge by the surrounding volcanic hills. They are the sediments of vast freshwater lakes which once occupied the country, reflecting in tranquillity the granite peaks around their shores. Rounded hillocks of these deposits, with horizontal stratification, are now dotted over the plain, showing the height which it reached before the occurrence of the floods, which eroded and washed it down to its present level. In the soft limestone quarries, opened amidst the vineyards on the slopes of Romagnat, near Clermont, I found the skull and bones of a bird, probably some wader, which had died and been entombed on the shallows of the great lake.

The freshwater light marls are thick enough, in some places, to form decided banks and cliffs like the chalk; but, unlike the latter, they are usually apparently stratified either by leaf-like partings, or by layers of rough limestone. These two circumstances afford a marvellous insight into the composition of the masses, and furnish striking proofs of the enormously long period during which the deposition was going on, which formed this belt of clay. A magnifying glass will show that the foliated partings in the marls are due to the minute shields of the cypris, the little beetle-like creature which enlivens our pools. Layers of these, mingled with myriads of small snail-like shells, alternate with the substances of the marls, to the extent of twenty in an inch; and the marls are five hundred feet thick. Each thin layer must have formed a platform for the disporting and the sunny life of these tiny creatures. But the rough limestone is even more curious still; for it is absolutely made up of the tiny ends of sticks and straws of caddis-worm cases. On the banks of any pond or brook in the summer, a heap of empty caddis-worm cases may often be seen, drifted in by an eddy, and landed in the mud. Imagine these to have become cemented by an infusion of limewater, and you have at once the industrial limestone of Auvergne. If you narrowly examine the common caddis case, you will see small shells worked into the tubes, like the grotesque shell ornaments sold at watering-places. So is it with the fossil cases. A hundred minute shells of bulimus, or paludina, may be counted on a single case. There are absolute rocks, and beds of this stone several times repeated, spread over many square miles of the Limagne.* The limestone occasionally bears traces of the grass, rushes, and large shells of the lakes on whose borders it was formed; but it is principally composed of the little shells. The mind is baffled in attempting to grasp the extent of creation, both laterally and vertically. This time of quiescence and abundant life was disturbed by the first outbreak of volcanic force. The animal world, that then was in these parts, perished, and subterranean power lifted into dry land the basins and shores of lakes; whilst showers of ashes and cinders, with streams of lava, further altered the face of the country. Some of the plains became studded with volcanic vents; others with mountains of volcanic ash; hills were raised still higher by the accumulation of fragments and cinders on their summits. Periods of alternate fiery or steaming energy and repose succeeded each other. The remains of the platforms of the animal life which occupied the land at this time are well preserved in the ashes and pasty conglomerates which resulted from eruptions carrying havoc and death in their flow, and which, like the modern action of Vesuvius, entombed present and past together. The

group of creatures living at this epoch wholly differs from the preceding assemblage. The geologists assign this new manifestation to the pliocene epoch.

The museums in Auvergne abound with the fossil spoils of this era, comprising forty-four distinct kinds of mammalian creatures. The lakes had well-nigh disappeared. The herds of deer (of which fourteen kinds have been ascertained) recall the present condition of portions of the North American continent. The mastodon reared his huge bulk amidst at least six kinds of feline creatures and four species of hyena. Peaceful vegetarians no longer predominate, and the tapirs, so numerous in the last period, are reduced to one species in this. These remains are, for the most part, enveloped in pumice and ashes, covered over with sheets of basalt, which have frequently cooled into columns which give additional picturesque effect to the cliff-like capping of the hills. Overlapping these mastodon strata, and altogether separated from them by further volcanic action, and by another series of gravel, occurs a large development of alluvial strata. These last are clearly divisible, in their turn, into several distinct platforms of life and action. M. Pomel refers them to two distinct periods, Sir Charles Lyell and M. Aymard to four. This stage is characterised by the presence of the Southern elephant, the rhinoceros, hyena, hippopotamus, with marmots and lemmings. With these are found remains of deer and of the great cave bear, whose bones are found, associated with man's works, in caverns in neighbouring districts of Dordogne.

Associated with these are impressions of leaves and fruit belonging to trees still found in the neighbourhood. It is in the uppermost volcanic mud-belt of this formation, the very highest and latest of all, the alluvial stratum, that human remains are said to have been found at Mont Denise, near Le Puy. The age of the Auvergne volcanoes becomes, therefore, a question of interest apart from geology. The historian, the chronologist, the Scripture commentator, all turn to this with anxiety. The volcanic fiery floods form part of a general index to the past. These are shown to have here commenced in the middle tertiary period, ages before the introduction of man, and to have been continued down to the time of his actual appearance and occupation.

The latest of the volcanic ejections unquestionably was contemporaneous with these upper alluvial gravels. The contents of the alluvial beds betoken a climate in which the same vegetation prevailed as at present.

Creatures of temperate regions are found, co-existing with a few of those now inhabiting hotter climes, as if it were a transition period; at length, with some extinct kinds of elephant, rhinoceros, horse, and friendly deer, man appears upon the stage, contemporaneous, apparently, with the very latest geologic phenomena. Nothing in the solid earth explains the marvel of man's introduction, save the extent and completeness of the preparation; for such knowledge we are indebted to Divine revelation.

PERIODICAL PEEPS AT FEMALE COSTUME IN ENGLAND.

II.

The simplicity of costume which had marked the reign of Mary gave place to a notable reaction soon after the accession of Elizabeth. The famous Queen, though characterised by a certain starched dignity not over attractive, was neither pretty nor graceful; and she was not slow in having recourse to all the arts of dress and

* P. Scrope. "Auvergne," p. 10.

personal adornment. Her example was of course speedily followed by the ladies of her court; and from them the love of finery, as displayed in the grotesque fashions which now sprung up, spread through all ranks of society. The ladies of her court were not, however, allowed *carte blanche* in following the royal example; for it is on record that the Queen, on one occasion, stripped one of her ladies of a beautiful dress, and tried it on herself; when, finding that it had lost its charm in her eyes, she ordered it to be laid aside as unfit to be worn by any one. According to Mr. Planché, it is "an act of supererogation to describe the personal costume of 'Good Queen Bess;' her great ruff rises up indignantly at the bare idea of being unknown or forgotten." "We never think of her," says Walpole, "without picturing a sharp-eyed lady with a hook-nose, red hair loaded with jewels, an enormous ruff, a vaster farthingale, and a bushel of pearls strewed over the entire figure."



QUEEN MARY.

The farthingale here mentioned made its first appearance in this reign, and deserves to be classed among the ugliest inventions of that or any other period. It consisted of a wide gown or petticoat, stuffed out nearly horizontally in a circle below the waist, almost as low as the hips. There was the common or moderate farthingale, the wheel farthingale, and the double farthingale, each one rivalling the rest in hideousness, and deservedly incurring the rebuke of the writers of the day. A fitting companion to the farthingale was the huge ruff, which in



LADY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, WITH FARTHINGALE, RUFF, AND STOMACHER.

this reign assumed every variety of shape and size; and a worthy adjunct to farthingale and ruff was the preposterous stomacher which travestied the contour of the

figure, and seems to have been contrived only as an ample ground or surface for the reception of any and every kind of absurd decoration.



RUFF, SUPPORTED BY WIRE.

The excesses in costume which in this reign characterised all classes were soundly lashed by Stubbes in his "Anatomic of Abuses," published in 1583. He declares "No people in the world is so curious in new fangles as they of England be." He laments that it is impossible to know "who is noble, who is worshipful, who is a gentleman, who is not," because all persons dress indiscriminately in "silks, velvets, satens, damaskes, taffeties, and suche like, notwithstanding that they be both base by birthe, meane by estate, and servile by calling; and this," he adds, with due solemnity, "I counte a greate confusion, and a general disorder: God be merciful unto us." We learn from the homely rebukes of Philip Stubbes what were the innovations of fashion, and how generally they were welcomed. Thus he is indignant at the painting of ladies' faces, which now became com-



DAME CICELY PAGE.

mon. He rails against the curling, frizzling, and crisping of the hair; the wreathing of it in borders from one ear to the other; the propping it with forks and wires, and the bedecking it, when thus prepared, with "bugles, ouches, rings, gold, silver, glasses, and such other childish gewgawes;" and he is still more angry, at their dyeing it "of what colour they list." His extremest wrath, however, is reserved for the ruffs. He finds them stiffened with "the devil's liquor, I mean *starche*;" he discovers that the "maister devil ruffe" is

supported by three or four degrees of minor ruffs placed *gradatim* one beneath another; and that they are clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace; they are "wrought all over with needle-worke, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sunne, moone, and starres, and many other antiques strange to behold. Some are wrought with open worke downe to the midst of the ruffe, and further; some with close work, some with purled lace so closed, and other gewgawes, so fastened as the ruffe is the least part of itself." He derides the misfortunes of the wearers who, in those umbrellaless days, were caught in a shower; for "then their great ruffes strike sayle and flutter like dishcloutes about the necks of the poor



COUNTESS OF SOMERSET.

drowned rattes." To avoid this moist catastrophe it was the custom of the cautious to support the huge ruffs with under-props of wire, covered with gold thread, silver, or silk, which held out the pleats in the manner shown in the engraving.

The comments of the same sturdy satirist yield yet further information as to the costume of the time. We gather from them that the ladies now wore "doublets and jerkins buttoned up the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions, as mannes apparell is for all



GENTLEWOMAN. PERIOD OF CHARLES I.

the world." He tells us that their gowns of silk, velvet, taffety, program, and what not, cost as much as from twenty to forty shillings a yard—a most unconscionable price, looking to the then value of money; and that they were not satisfied with this, but overlaid them with lace, and allowed the long sleeves to hang down

to the ground, or "cast them over their shoulders like cowe tailes." He likens them not to women of flesh and blood, but rather to "puppits or maumets," so much were they overloaded with their costly garments; and he calls the small looking-glasses which they carried with them at the girdle "the devil's spectacles."

The extravagance in dress went on increasing in spite of the rebukes of Master Stubbes and his abettors.



COURT-PLASTER TATTOO.

By 1579 it had grown to such excess that the Queen, who had herself been the chief cause of it, commanded her privy council to take measures to abate it. It was,



LADY. PERIOD OF CHARLES II.

therefore, ordered that after the 21st of February in that year, "no person shall use or wear such excessive long clokes, being in common sight monstrous, as now of late



SIDE-LOCKS SET ON WIRES.

are beginning to be used, and before two yeares past hath not been used in this realme. Neither also should any

person use or wears such greates and excessive ruffles, in or about the uppermost part of their neckes, as had not been used before two yeares past; but that all persons shoulde, in modest and semely sort, leave off such fonde, disguised, and monstrous manner of attyring themselves, as both was insupportable for charges, and indecent to be worne." This sumptuary decree was probably not without its effect; at any rate, it is certain that during the latter years of Elizabeth's reign the absurdities of costume which had so generally prevailed abated considerably, and, at the same time, the fashions most in favour became more generally adopted, and eccentricities were more rare.

Some idea of what, about this time, was considered to have been unimpeachable in point of taste in the matter of dress, may be gathered from the costume of the unfortunate Queen of Scotland on the day of her execution. When led to the scaffold she was habited thus:—"Her head-dress was of lawn, edged with bone-lace; a veil of the same material, and edged in the same manner, flowed from the caul, bowed out with wire; her gown was of printed black satin, with a train and long sleeves, and had acorn-shaped jet buttons, with a trimming of pearls; part of the sleeves were open, and beneath appeared others of purple velvet; her kirtle whole, of figured black satin; her petticoat and upper bodice of crimson satin unlaced in the back, and the skirts of crimson velvet; her shoes Spanish leather, the inside outward; a pair of green silk garters; watchet silk stockings clocked, and edged on the top with silver, and under them a pair of white Jersey hose. She wore a chain of pomander, and an *Agnus Dei* round her neck, and beads at her girdle, with a golden cross at the extremity of them."

As specimens of the costume of ladies in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, we may refer to two figures. The first may be seen on the tomb of Sir Roger Manwood, 1592, in St. Stephen's Church, near Canterbury. "The lady wears the French hood, beneath which her hair is tightly secured. Her ruff and gown are simply decorated," and her whole dress is perhaps as little open to the charge of extravagance as any we have yet passed in review. The second figure (see p. 584) is copied from the monumental brass of Cicely Page, who "died y^e xiith daye of March, anno 1598," and is buried in Bray Church, Buckinghamshire. Her plain hat, ruff, and open-breasted gown, with the neatness of her whole attire, are at once gracefully picturesque and becoming.

It is likely that the reform in dress at which we have hinted as taking place at the close of Elizabeth's reign, was extremely partial and limited in duration; for we find that, not long after the accession of James, the ladies incurred the rebuke of satirists and divines, for the vanity and exorbitancy of their attire, for their painting and blotting, and for the indecent exposure of their necks and breasts. This latter feature in the change of costume, which began with the Stuarts, must be familiar to every one who has paid any attention to the portraits preserved in our public galleries representing the dames of the period. A portrait of the Countess of Somerset (p. 585) shows the costume of ladies about the middle of James's reign: she wears a rich lace cap, like that of Mary, Queen of Scots, a double row of necklaces, a lace ruff, stiffened with starch, and hanging sleeves loaded with embroidery; she is imprisoned in a hideous wheel farthingale, and a broad decorated band runs down the centre and round the bottom of her dress. An easier costume, almost contemporary with the above, is shown in a monument

to the memory of Mrs. Bampffield, in Sharwell Church, Isle of Wight, date 1615. The figure is clad in the light head-veil of the time of Elizabeth, the point-lace ruff, the jerkin, the hanging sleeves, and elegant wristband; and over all is a long, loose robe, ample enough to envelope the whole person. That this comparatively unpretentious attire was exceptional, and not common, would appear from the following account of the articles comprising a fashionable lady's dress at this time, which account is given by one of the characters in a comedy of the day. "Five hours ago," he says, "I set a dozen maids to attire a boy like a nice gentlewoman; but there is such doing with their looking-glasses, pinning, unpinning, setting, unsetting, formings and conformings, painting blew vains and cheeks; such stir with sticks and combs, cascanets, dressings, purlles, falles, squares, buskes, bodies, scarfs, necklaces, carcanets, rebatoes, borders, tires, fans, palisadoes, puffs, ruffs, cuffs, muffs, pusles, fusles, partlets, frisleets, bandlets, fillets, croslets, pendulets, amulets, annulets, bracelets, and so many lets (hindrances), that yet she is scarce drest to the girdle; and now there is such calling for fardingales, kirtlets, busk-points, shoeties, &c., that seven pedlers' shops—nay, all Starbridge fair—will scarcely furnish her: a ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready."

By 1622, if we may judge from a female figure on a tomb of that date in Swarkestone Church, Derbyshire, the fashions had lost much of their extravagance. The figure is that of a young girl: her farthingale is of a moderate diameter; she wears a tight bodice with a long waist, a small ruff, and wide sleeves, to which hanging sleeves are affixed. Her hair is combed back in a roll over the forehead and temples, and covered with a small hood or coif.

Charles I was a man of a naturally refined taste; he had a true love for art, and collected pictures with the discrimination of a real connoisseur. It was inevitable that the refinement of the sovereign should be reflected in some degree in the costume of the subject; and accordingly we find that a truly picturesque garb gradually gained ground among both sexes during his reign. What was the form it assumed among the upper classes, we know from the pictures of Vandyke, numbers of which have come down to us, and enrich at this day the galleries of the aristocracy; while from the etchings of Hollar we may gather with equal certainty what was the dress of the less wealthy. The figure in the engraving (p. 586) is from Hollar's "*Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus*," and represents the gentlewoman of the time. Her hair is combed back over her forehead, and gathered in close rolls behind, while at the sides it is allowed to flow freely. A long bodice laced in front incases the upper part of the figure; a white satin petticoat flows to the ground, and is fully displayed, as the dark open gown is gathered up at the waist. Her sleeves are wide and short, with a deep wide lawn cuff turned back to the elbow; and she wears long white leather gloves.

The engravings which have been preserved, as well as the monumental illustrations of Charles's time, show us that considerable changes in female costume took place within a very short period; and they also show us that these mutations marked a decided tendency towards the adoption of a better taste in dress. Notwithstanding, and as if to prove that this amelioration did not spring spontaneously from those who were the subjects of it, but was forced upon them from without, there sprang up in this reign the senseless fashion of patching the face with morsels of court-plaster. The practice is first alluded to by Balwer, in his "*Artificial Changeling*," 1650.

"Our ladies," he says, "have lately entertained a vaine custom of spotting their faces, out of an affectation of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had; and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied into all manner of shapes and figures." The engraving will show what sort of figures these were which the dames of the time deemed additions to their charms; the most outrageous of them is that of a coach with a coachman and two horses, with postillions—which insignia the author of "God's Voice against Pride in Apparel" compared to mourning-coaches all in black, plying on the wearers' foreheads, and standing, ready harnessed, to whirl them off to Acheron. This silly fashion continued long in vogue; we know, from Hogarth's pictures, that it was in favour in his day under a modified phase; nor did it finally disappear until some two generations later, for the writer has a distinct recollection of the patched faces of some of the old Bath belles as they promenaded the pump-room or sat in the dress circles, in the second decade of the present century.

Very little need be said as to the costume of Englishwomen during the Protectorate. The Puritan party, who had long given their practical testimony against the absurd extravagance in dress, now gained the ascendancy, and the consequence was a return to the simplest ideas with regard to dress and personal adornment, and the adoption by the ladies of a style of garments of a modest and unpretending kind. It is worthy of remark that this sudden and thorough change, in which the Puritans led the way, was accepted and practised to a large extent by the opposite party in the state; the reason may well have been that the pressure of more weighty affairs made them but too glad to escape from the bondage of fashion. On the other hand, there was never wanting a considerable section of the community who stood up for the old extravagances, and only waited the opportunity to revive them.

The opportunity came with the restoration of Charles II, when the reaction was even more sudden and striking than had been the previous reform. The ladies of King Charles's court are too well known from the numerous pictures of Lely and Kneller to need much verbal description. According to Mr. Planché, "a studied negligence, an elegant *deshabille*, is the prevailing character of the costume in which they are nearly all represented; their glossy ringlets escaping from a simple bandeau of pearls, or adorned by a single rose, fall in graceful profusion upon snowy necks, unveiled by even the transparent lawn of the band, or the partlet; and the fair round arm, bare to the elbow, reclines upon the voluptuous satin petticoat, while the gown of the same rich material piles up its voluminous train to the background." It is but just, however, to attribute the graceful and picturesque pose of these court portraits rather to the skill of the artists than to the graces, natural or artificial, of the subjects of them. A fair sample of the dress of the gentlewoman of this day (not of the court) is given on page 586, copied from a drawing of the time. In the original the lady's petticoat is blue, her gown is red, the sleeves are turned up with white, and secured by a bow; she wears a plain collar, and her hair is decorated with pink bows, and falls in rich clusters on her neck. The hair, however, was not always the growth of the head it adorned; false locks were at one time the fashion, and occasionally they were set on wires, and made to stand out at the sides of the head as shown in the engraving.

The diary of Pepys contains many entries relating to

the costume which prevailed in this reign. We gather from it, among other things, that it was the fashion for ladies to wear perukes, which sometimes, as in the case of his wife, were made from their own hair. In 1663 he mentions having seen the queen riding in the park in "a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*, mighty pretty." He gives us one of the fashions of 1664, a yellow bird's-eye hood, his wife wearing one of them to church on Whit Sunday. In the following month, when walking in the gallery at Whitehall, he finds the ladies of honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like his own, and their doublets buttoned up the breasts, with periwigs and hats; so that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody would take them for women in any point whatever. He is scandalised at the spectacle and records his displeasure at it.

The reign of James II was too short to produce any very marked effect in the costume of either sex; that of the ladies is said to have continued pretty much the same as it had been under the latter part of Charles's reign, when it was being modified by the gradual growth of an improved taste. In 1685 the female citizens are described as wearing "green aprons and grogram gowns or petticoats, with little rings upon their foreheads, a strait hood, and a narrow, diminutive colvertreen pinner." But on Sundays and holidays they aped their betters, and are said to have gone forth perfumed with rose-cakes, a flaunting tower on the head, and all the shining pimples in the face hidden under black patches.

A TRIP THROUGH THE TYROL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

NO. IV.—FROM THE STELVIO TO THE LAGO DI GARDA, BY BOTZEN.

FROM the Stelvio our descent was rapid into Italian Tyrol. We were now following another river, the Adige; but the view had the usual monotonous characteristics of a wide valley, till we drew nearer to Meran, and came upon the richly cultivated country around and below it. The bare heaths and stunted growth of the upland, which formed the summit of the pass, melted into vineyards and gardens, thick-set with fruit. We met peasants loaded with it. The first sign of this ripe change was an old woman bearing a large basket, piled high with peaches, on her head. We hailed her, and, stopping the carriage, got, in exchange for some small coin, the pick of her burden, which she presented to us without taking it down. The people seemed healthy and industrious; but many signs of suffering were about them, for I never passed in one day so many places destroyed by fire. Between the top of the pass and Botzen we saw five villages, which had in whole or part been lately burnt down. Indeed, throughout the country fires seem to be terribly frequent.

When we descended the valley of Meran, however, we found all troubles put aside for the time. It was the 8th of September, the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, or "The Nativity," as it is often called, in disregard of the claims of Christmas Day. The whole country side was making holiday. Triumphal arches crossed the road at the entrance of the little towns, where the streets were crowded with peasants in their national dresses. The Tyrol is the place for costumes. Although they are dying out in Switzerland, here they flourish, and that with a variety of fashion which defies record. The head-dresses, especially those of women, are often far more absurd than picturesque. True, some

of the wide flat hats were becoming, especially when trimmed with feathers or tassels; but we came upon a whole village wearing, men and women, enormous black chimney-pots of the coarsest make, crushed into half their height. The first I saw more than realised, it caricatured, the most ridiculously wild conception of a "shocking bad hat." But what was this to a procession of people all thus hooded! Then came a village in which the old women wore bearskins, like grenadiers; then, some with bonnets like large woollen bee-hives; then, some without any covering to the head at all; then, some in hats with brims as wide as a flattened umbrella. The "hatter" who first furnished the popular test of madness must have been suffering from a tour in the Tyrol.

Next to hats, most attention is bestowed on belts and braces. The belts I have already described. The braces were far too large for their purpose, especially as I noticed that, in some instances at least, the menial work supposed to be performed by them was really put upon an inner pair of suspenders. The "show" braces cover nearly the whole of the chest, and are of a bright green, which contrasts well with the brilliant red of the shirt beneath them. The men all wear breeches open at the knee, which is left bare, the stocking being fastened at the top of the calf. All the men are shaved, the moustache alone being left. A beard is a spectacle in country Tyrol. It seems, moreover, the correct thing for the men to wear their hair cut square over the forehead and long in the neck. The coat is an embroidered jacket. We found Latsch full of these holiday country folk, swarming in the market and about the church; but the spectacle of the day was at Meran, where we stayed two hours, and saw an image of the Virgin carried through the town, at the head of an immense procession of bareheaded men and women. There is generally a depressing similarity in these scenes; there is the same vacant profane reverence in the faces of the crowds I have seen at Naples and Rome on great festival days; but I never saw such simple earnestness as in these Tyrolese worshippers. One could not help admitting that their idolatry was gross, but all were profoundly sincere in it. I was standing in the crowd, and, seeing the clouds gathering thick over the sky, expressed my apprehension that it would rain to an old man standing close by me. "Rain!" he said—"rain! the Madonna will not allow that." There seemed to be no exception to the fervour of these people's worship. Old men and maidens, young men and children, walked in solemn procession, with apparently profound reliance on the performance. There was no trifling or laughter. It was to them a most serious business, quite unlike the jaunty ceremonial which I have seen gone through in many places in Italy.

Meran is a quaint town, with deep-shadowed arcades, in which women stand selling delicious grapes and figs, absurdly cheap. After we had stayed somewhat longer than our driver wished, we went on to Botzen. The heat was now excessive, as we were continually descending the valley. We verified several sites and castles from our guide-books, and then were glad to keep silence under the clouds of dust which steadily accompanied us. As I had heard much of the Dolomite mountains, and knew that we should catch sight of them before entering Botzen, I brisked up at each likely turn in the road, and looked for the spires and peaks of "dazzling whiteness," or "copper-like brilliancy," which are said to characterise these mountains. I confess to a feeling of largely increased scepticism concerning guide-books generally, when I set eyes on these now

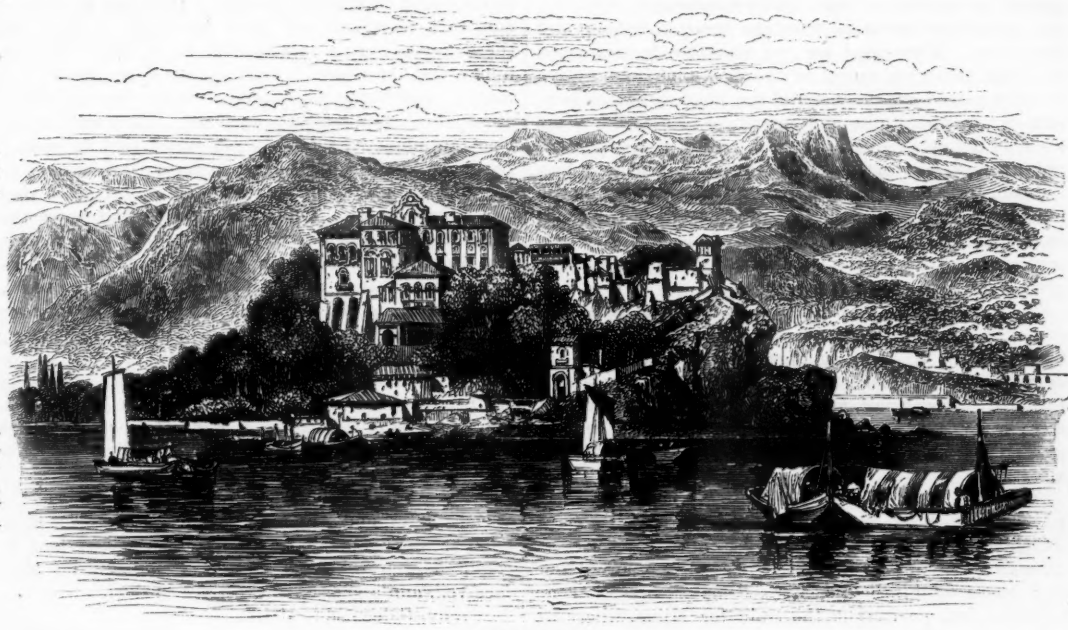
celebrated Dolomites. I saw the range under every advantage, on a clear day at sunset, with the sun behind me shining full upon them. They were neither white nor coppery, and, as to strange variety of pinnacles, they were not so striking as the aiguilles around Mont Blanc. Probably I should have learnt to marvel at them if I had been able to take the tour I had contemplated through the district in which they are found. But still, I saw them very plainly for three days, from Botzen and its neighbourhood, and beg to protest against exciting a curiosity in the tourist which he cannot gratify if he happens to be tied to the main route. They may be wonderful when seen quite close, but are commonly disappointing at a distance. I would have set off for a few days' tour among them, from Botzen, if my companions had been up to it; but J— was so poorly that I could not take, and did not like to leave him. So we ate grapes, figs, and peaches in the marketplace instead. The grapes were exquisite.

Botzen is an Italian-looking town, with shop-stalls under cool piazzas, which line the principal street. The heat was very great, but the Venetian-blinds are thick, and ices are cheap. Altogether, though the sunshine in the middle of the day came in through a little round hole in the wooden shutters like a red hot poker, it is a lazy, comfortable place if it were not for the church bells. We were driven almost mad by the bells of the cathedral, which adjoins the hotel. They are fine toned, I am willing to grant, but were rung so loudly, and with such incessant defiance of what we understand by a peal, that it was enough to deafen us. The day after we arrived was Sunday. The bells woke us with a wild fit of jangling at the monstrous hour of four o'clock, and seemed to ring all day. I never met with such a church-going populace in my life. Indeed, one might say that the people did not "go to church" so much as "go home" in the intervals between their public devotions. Even then, many remained to assist in "low masses," or to attend some of the numerous funerals, which seemed to have been reserved for the Sunday. The churches were full at five, seven, nine, twelve, three, and five o'clock. Probably the services for the week of the Nativity of the Virgin gave an additional spur to the worship; but, at any rate, I never saw larger or more outwardly devout congregations. We had a little service in our room, but looked into the cathedral several times in the course of the day. It was crammed; those who could not get seats standing in the aisles, and those who could not stand in the aisles clustering about the doors. In the intervals between the services the congregation turned out, part to carry on private prayers in other churches, part to accompany one funeral or another, falling in two and two after the coffin, the men first, then the women, but all chanting or praying aloud, and keeping their places scrupulously. Each funeral was preceded by a little girl dressed in white, bearing a chaplet of flowers, which she laid upon the grave. There was no fringe of little boys to the crowds or processions. All was orderly and quiet, save for the chant which rose and fell along the line of mourners, and the slow shuffle of many hundred feet.

There are several pleasant excursions to be made from Botzen, the best of which is, perhaps, to Ober-Ritten, which may be combined with a visit to the earth pyramids of Lengmoos; but the expedition takes a long day, and you probably have to order ponies to be sent to Botzen, if you are not inclined to walk. The best of these pyramids, or obelisks, as they might better be called, occur at the edge of a precipice, and have to be approached cautiously. They are formed by a lump of,

say, stone, which acts as an umbrella. The rain, which wears down the face of the crumbling cliff, leaves great obelisks of soil, sometimes forty or fifty feet high, capped by the protecting piece of stone. When they get too high they tumble down, but fresh ones are formed. I

specimen of one of these priests at supper in our inn. He came in as we were in the middle of tea, and, sitting down close to us, called peremptorily for a measure of wine and a quarter of a fowl, spending the interval before its appearance in the worst exhibition of spitting



LAGO DI GARDA.

wonder, as they occur under circumstances which seem familiar enough, that they are not more common.

We stayed three days at Botzen, and then went to Trient, or Trent, as we English call it, the seat of the famous Council, and once the most important city in Tyrol. The route to it from Botzen, straight down the valley, presents many magnificent mountain outlines, but has little to commend it close at hand. The district is hot and marshy, and therefore, though found to agree with silkworms, here bred in large numbers, is dangerous to man.

Trent is a more Italian town than Botzen; the names, look, and tongue of the people show how far you have got south in the Tyrol. After securing rooms at the inn, which had the cool, cavernous look of Italy proper, we strolled out to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, built on the site of the chamber in which the Council of Trent met in 1545. They say that no part of the original building remains. A rude painting of the assembly, which seemed to contain many portraits, is hung up in the church and uncovered for a fee.

This place, which we may call, in one sense, the centre of modern Romanism, has many of those characteristics which (unpleasantly to most Englishmen) mark a foreign Popish town. There are fifteen churches, though the population is only 13,000; and I never, not even in Rome, or Naples in the old time, saw such large numbers of priests in the streets. They were all rigorously ecclesiastical in dress, and had, many of them, the sinister look which accompanies a useless artificial life. I asked our landlord how many there were in the town. "Twelve hundred," he replied; adding in Italian, aside, "a set of rascals!" It seemed as if the Council must have been in full session still. We had an unpleasant

grossly on the floor I think I ever witnessed. When the fowl came he was furious. He cut it up, tumbled it about, stormed at the provider for its being too lean for the price, and, depositing twopence for the wine he had drunk, bounced out of the room without paying for his supper, followed by a very uncomplimentary criticism on the part of the waiter, who let him go and turned round to the other guests with a sort of laughing apology, as much as to say, "What would you expect of a priest?" We seemed to have stepped at once from the sincere though superstitious piety of the country Tyrolese into the rank theological atmosphere of Southern Italy.

Trent is a walled town, and shows to remarkable advantage from the adjacent hills. It is large in extent for its population, being five miles round; but there is a compactness and an air of importance about it, when viewed from a distance, which give such an impression of a city as no one acquainted only with our unvalled towns has ever received except in pictures. We were very much struck by its general appearance when, looking down upon it from the mountains, we crossed the next morning on our way to Riva, at the head of the Lago di Garda.

The distance to this is twenty-six miles from Trent. We got a carriage, after a good deal of inquiry, at a tallowchandler's, of all places in the world. But there was nothing at the post-house beyond a promise of the possible return of a driver from Riva the next day. So our attendant from the inn suggested his friend the tallowchandler, into whose stables and yard we penetrated with a lantern, and looked up a capital pair of animals, with an open carriage, which took us briskly to Riva the following morning. Not that we started at any great pace; for we soon began to wind up the new road which leads to Vezzano, and from which we shortly

looked down on Trent for the last time, as we entered the cliffs of the gorge through which it was carried. The drive to Riva after this defile is remarkable for a region of the most utter barrenness that I know. The distant mountains around, scorched in the sun, the rough blocks of stone which are scattered over the ground, presenting a hard gritty appearance close by, give altogether no escape from the sense of dryness and desolation. Right glad were we, therefore, to come upon the little glittering waves of the dark blue lake. Riva is nobly placed at the head of the Lago di Garda, here shut in by mountains and precipices, which die away towards the other end. There is an inn close upon the water's edge, with gardens, where you may dine, and feed the fish. If you go to Riva, take a walk or drive up the road channelled out of the face of the western cliffs. It commands the loveliest views, and, to any one just arrived from the barren tract in the valley above Riva, gives a grateful change.

There was but little wind when we reached Riva; but presently hot puffs came off the land, and a breeze, but by no means so fresh as strong, was blowing in the evening. The air felt as if it came from the mouth of a furnace. Everything had been roasted throughout the day; a large stone table, at which we dined in the garden, was quite hot to the touch long after the sun had left it.

We left Riva the next morning by an Austrian government boat carrying two guns, and reached Peschiera, on the Milan and Venice railroad, at eleven. There we were fumigated, though no cholera or any plague was heard of in the place we came from. After an hour's delay, we caught the train for Milan, where we arrived at 3.30. Having dined there comfortably, we went on at 7.45 for Susa, at the foot of Mount Cenis, and got in at 1 in the morning. Thus we avoided the hot plains of Lombardy, which, to judge by the mosquitoes and suffocating air of Riva, would have been specially oppressive after breathing the fresh atmosphere of upland Tyrol.

Thus we went home, over Mount Cenis and through Paris, with our first impressions strengthened, that Tyrol is not Switzerland.

But, though now comparatively unvisited, the means for locomotion and lodging anywhere off the main line between Salzburg, Innsbruck, and Botzen, being either very expensive or uncomfortably cheap, the charms of this country will soon draw an increasing number of tourists. It will soon be included within the trodden area of common holiday-makers, unless you can stop the spread of the railway net which creeps over Europe. There is no help for it. The Tyrol lies, as it were, at the extremity of a loop line from Charing Cross, which is at present broken only by the passes of the Brenner (the direct route between Innsbruck and Botzen), and the Mount Cenis. If you look at Bradshaw's map, you see the black line creep up as far as Innsbruck, and then pierce into the Tyrol from the German side, while it begins again at Botzen, and leads you back by Milan. When the rail is carried, as it will be, over the Brenner and the Mount Cenis, the Tyrol will be threaded through its very heart by a line of steam which starts from the Strand; and if this does not draw a stream of English, their present taste for a summer holiday in the Alps will have strangely declined. It will be long, however, before the quaint, simple valleys of the German Alps will swarm with tourists like Switzerland. The more exclusive autumn travellers on the Continent will yet find fresh nooks in and about the Tyrol, unspoiled by traffic or sight-seeing, and yet easily accessible from London.

THE STORY OF A DIAMOND.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONCLUSION.

ABOUT two months after my transfer to the "great man," as a bribe, he died of apoplexy suddenly, and I was appropriated by a dishonest negro attendant, who was the first to find his master. This man sold me at once to a merchant, who took me back to Cairo, and there I was again established in a shop not very unlike the one where I first appeared in public; but, though containing less of actual wealth than my former abode, this was a more showy place. Many articles from Constantinople were sold by my owner, and the cases of goods beside him, as he sat and smoked, or read his Koran, were glittering with gold and silver embroidery and filigree work. One cold January day—cold, that is, for Egypt—with a strong wind and heavy dark clouds, my owner was napped in his fur-lined kaftan, and locked half asleep, as no business was doing, when a woman wrapped in abundant blue and black drapery came up to his shop. Like all able to afford it among Eastern females of the humbler class, she had put on two or three suits of clothes—the old ones covered by the better—this being their only protection against cold; and all being of thin cotton it was not too much, though the effect was to make her look unusually stout. She began inquiring the price of some handkerchiefs of delicate printed muslin, much worn by women, and of various hues and patterns; while looking over them, another woman similarly clad came up, and they recognised each other, in spite of the disguising black face-veil, and a shower of greetings ensued.

"Why, Saleema!"

"Why, Hosna! My sister, how are you? Peace be to you."

After two or three minutes had been devoted to compliments, the news began—

"My daughter is to be married very soon, and I came to the town to stay with my brother, in order to buy her some things."

"Indeed! It is Fatmeh, I suppose; the other is too young."

"Yes, and she is a happy girl; the bridegroom is well off."

Then followed a long account of his qualifications, pedigree, and possessions, which I spare my readers.

The friend, who, I gathered from their talk, had been a former neighbour, now living in the city, observed that he had sent away his last wife, she believed.

"True," replied the mother, coolly; "but that is nothing: he will not easily quarrel with my girl; she is very clever and good-humoured. Ah, Hosna! if only my poor husband had not been so unlucky years ago, my children might be married to Bashas."

"What! you still recollect the diamond that he found and lost again so quickly? Poor man! had he lived longer, things might have been very different; but I fancied you forgot all about it when he died."

"How could I do so, my sister," replied the first speaker, "when everything in my house was changed from that very time? Only a few months after his loss, as you might recollect, my poor man got hurt by an accident, in his leg, and was only able to sit at the door after that time; never again did he hold an oar upon the river, or gain a farthing for his children and me."

"I heard of his death soon after I came to live in Cairo," said the other woman; "but the people told me he died content, and that he had even visions of paradise. Was that true, Saleema?"

"It is now more than two years, and one cannot

remember everything," answered her friend. And indeed I used to observe that people in a state of childish ignorance, like the peasant women here, did forget things much as children do, after the lapse of a year or two; but she presently continued—

"No doubt my Hassan had some strange and beautiful things to say during the time he was lame; perhaps he really saw them by the power of the prophet, who knows? He had a book he was very fond of, though he could not read; but he used to make our son read to him from it every day, and to speak of God and the angels, and such things; I don't know if it was part of our Koran or not, for he never would tell me, and, as it amused him, what did I care? But they were good words, I believe, and he used to say, 'God is merciful,' just as before; so that it could not have been a Christian book."

"Of course not; the Christians are infidels, who do not believe in God or in the prophet, but drink and eat of defiled things. Well, Hassan is doubtless in paradise, poor man, thanks to the blessed" (a common Moslem expression, meaning their prophet); "and now tell me of Fatmeh," continued her friend.

But the shopman interposed by asking if the buyer wished to take her bargain, and, if so, why she did not pay for it; and, thus recalled to her business, the woman untied the corner of her veil, in which she had stowed her money—a purse seeming in this class to be looked on as a masculine possession alone—and paid for her articles; after which the two neighbours together adjourned to another shop, and I heard no more, but was left pondering whether it were possible that this was the widow of Hassan, who found me in the field, and whether he had, through the instrumentality of the worthy Yacoub, really been enabled to find in the little book something better than the glittering dust whose loss had so disappointed him. If it were so, Yacoub did not know it, as I had an opportunity of finding out, as it happened, the following day. It was a little less chilly, and the sun came out for a few hours, though contending with a rather cold, disagreeable wind, and the business in our street was still slacker than usual, when two men, one in the dress of a European, and the other in the Syrian garb, which many Egyptians now wear, came up to the shop of my owner and began turning over the articles, but told the merchant they could not decide on which to purchase till joined by another person for whom they were waiting; the English gentleman, I found, was employed by a friend to procure a number of silver coffee-cups, gilt belts, amber pipe-heads, etc., and needed experienced assistants in the selection; his companion, I found, was no other than my old acquaintance Yacoub; and while waiting, and looking over the things rather carelessly, they resumed their conversation in English, which Yacoub spoke tolerably.

"I was given an introduction to a Christian merchant," said the Englishman, "a Mr. Rothesay, but I find he has left Cairo; I am very sorry, for I reckoned on learning some interesting things from him."

"Yes, he left for England, meaning to return here shortly," replied the other; "but he found his house was opening a business in India—in Bombay, I think—and that he must go there for a year, and perhaps several years—it was uncertain—and by his going I lost a good friend; his clerk was a pious man like himself."

"What! Asaad?" interrupted the stranger; "I heard of him also, and much wished to know him, for he was going to marry a young lady I was acquainted with formerly; my daughter was at school with her in Scotland. Do you know if they are married?"

"I believe they are; I heard he had an offer of a good situation for some years in the house at Bombay which Mr. Rothesay had opened a connection with; and though he was sorry to leave Egypt, it was too good a place to lose, especially as he was engaged to an English lady; and I think she was to follow them after a little while to India, and that she went with Mr. and Mrs. Rothesay; but I was up the country at the time, and heard very little about it. Wherever they go they will do good; but I was sorry to lose them from Cairo, just as the English ladies were beginning to know how to make themselves understood, and we have very few helpers, you know, sir; for what are the missions here compared with the numbers of the people and their wants? We need good examples and Christian friendship from a great many, if we could have it."

"God's people are a little flock, my friend, in every land," said his companion; "and, unhappily, divisions and little differences often keep Christians from aiding one another, whereas the enemy's hands are leagued by their hatred of good and love of pleasure."

The young man looked rather puzzled; his new acquaintance, forgetting that he addressed a foreigner, spoke quickly and eagerly, and the meaning was not perfectly taken in by Yacoub, but he said—

"You asked me, sir, about Mohammedans this morning; now, if it be difficult to make any lasting impression upon Copts, I assure you the rest of the people, who are Moslem, are far more difficult to touch. I do not say this out of prejudice; for I was of Armenian extraction, though brought up in Egypt."

"I can believe it," replied the Englishman; "but you do get a chance now and then, I think—that story you told me yesterday, for instance. Why, this beautiful diamond here, in the glass case, reminds me of it—I mean the man who found a ring and was going to make his fortune by it, and then was defrauded of it by some worthless servant."

"Ah, yes, sir, I often thought of poor Hassan when I chanced to see a jewel like this. I left him, as I told you, rejoicing in his wealth, and only a few days afterwards, meeting him on the river, heard the curious way in which he lost it; but all my attempts to see the man, and follow up the impression of those two short opportunities, failed. I called at his village twice, and found him absent; then, after a long time, I went again, and he had changed his abode; and then once more I went, and found he was dead. But the neighbours said his son used to read a small book to him very often, and sometimes I hope that may have been the Gospel I gave him."

"It is very probable, and you will know one day," said the English gentleman; "but here comes the man we have been so long waiting for."

As he spoke, an elderly man in European dress, but of what nation I could not learn, came up to my owner's shop, and all were soon engaged in bargaining, with his aid, for some valuable articles. I regretted not being among the selected ones, but I remained behind; and soon the hum of voices from the neighbouring school announced the hour of noon, and a troop of little boys eagerly poured out of the dark den-like room, where, seated on the floor, they had for four hours been bawling over their alphabet or sentences from the Koran, in which they would find little meaning and less profit, while the master, armed with a heavy stick, inflicted violent blows for the least error. I knew there were schools of a very different description in Cairo, but they were not in this direction, and I had never seen any places of education but these nests of Mohammedan bigotry, or the school of the foreign monks in an adjoining street, which, though

with more pretensions and better order, taught nearly as much error in another way.

I was left to muse on education and other matters for a couple of weeks after this; bad weather and the fast of Ramadan keeping people from doing much shopping. But then came a great change; the festival drew near; the town rapidly filled, and the sun resumed its cheerful winter reign, with the exception of occasional gusty and broken days. It was on one of these that I was suddenly taken from the case and packed up in a small box with some other jewels, and consigned to an ample pocket in my owner's vest.

"I must go to that effendina (a Turkish lady) who lives at the Abbaseeh," said he, as he did so, to his neighbour Alee, who was quietly discussing his noon-day repast of boiled beans out of a little earthenware saucer, while flaps of bread and native cheese were on a cabbage-leaf beside him. "It is a bad day for so long a ride," he continued, "but she sent a message to me, and I have done little business lately: may the prophet help me! perhaps I shall sell a good bargain or two."

"By the aid of the powerful, my brother, you will do some good business. May your day be white!" replied the other, lighting his pipe; and at the same moment a little black lad brought up my owner's fat mule, well caparisoned for his ride; and, wrapping his fur-lined kaftan of apple-green cloth round his portly figure, he set out, leaving his shop in the care of his nephew.

The festival was to take place in a few days, and to be then followed by the start of the pilgrims for Mecca, which takes place annually from this city. The roads were crowded with strangers from every eastern nation, as well as with the natives, who were preparing for the long, weary, and expensive journey, which they vainly fancy will cleanse them from sin. I reflected how often I had heard English persons, fresh from home, observe that "they supposed the Moslem power and bigotry were greatly decreasing, and that Mohammedan superstition was diminished of late years," etc. Could they witness these crowds, thought I, they would sorrowfully acknowledge their mistake, and, if they were Christians in heart as well as name, redouble their prayers for these misguided myriads. Here were Arabs from the west of Africa, usually called "Mograbee," clad in flowing white burnouses; natives of Tunis, wild, dirty, and savage in appearance; Circassians, with ruddy complexions and bright flashing eyes, handsome, but with a revengeful and fierce expression, which made them anything but pleasant to look on, wearing a grotesque and clumsy costume, and having their hands ever on the dagger which was stuck in their belts; then there were Syrians from Aleppo and Damascus, clad in rich striped silks; Kurds from the mountains, in lambswool turbans; Persians in tall felt caps; "dwellers in Mesopotamia," with huge turbans and sheepskin cloaks, and many strangers besides, from various provinces, of which civilised nations know but little. All met for one great purpose, and that purpose a vain hope founded upon a lie!

What a mockery of that great assemblage at Jerusalem is such a gathering, when residents at least, if not actual natives, from these very countries, all met together in the chosen city, and there heard, in their own tongues, the wonderful works of God! Here the holy name is but profaned by being taken into lips that speak falsehood; and, though they say that they honour the Most High, they know him not in truth or in spirit. Oh, when will another Pentecost come, to bring a great and mighty change upon the earth? Surely there are too few that be "valiant for the truth." May they be multiplied a hundredfold, and may their light shine

like diamonds, which, though but dust themselves, are beautiful and precious because they reflect light that is not their own.

While thus musing, a sudden shock given to the mule, by a string of camels that was passing along the road skirting the desert, threw my owner violently to the ground, before his boy, who was a little way behind him, could afford him any assistance. It was some minutes before he recovered the fall enough to look after his valuable charge; and then, to his great dismay, he discovered that the box had burst open, being old and the fastening bad, and that several things had fallen from it into the dust. A search was of course made, but I was not found; everything else was picked up, and, after an hour's careful hunting, my owner resolved to follow the steps of one whom he fancied must have robbed him of his diamond, unconscious that in his fall it had been rolled against the root of one of the trees that border that road, and had wedged itself into a crevice, the dust, which was blowing in all directions, hiding it speedily from view. He returned again before night, having failed to discover the supposed thief, of course, and, bitterly lamenting his ill-luck, once more turned the dust over and over, but never looked in the roots of the tree; and I saw him sadly ride away when darkness came on, and when the pilgrims rendered the road not very safe for any one carrying valuables.

Here I lay, then, once more, lost and hidden in the ground; and here I close my brief and disjointed memoir for the present. The moving mass of pilgrims are gone. They passed through the desert singing, according to custom, the wild but pleasing notes of the pilgrim's song, and clad in white garments, to denote the expected purity of heart to be won, as they hope, at the "holy stone" and the prophet's grave in Mecca.

How many will leave their bones to whiten in the Arabian sands! How many will return more proud, and farther from God than before! Will any of these many thousands ever learn to tread in the straight and narrow path that leads to Jerusalem the Golden? Alas! who can say? But, if the truth be spread far and wide by means of the written Word, in many tongues, and through many lands, surely some of even this crowd, now so ignorant and bigoted, may one day find that heavenly wisdom, the gain of which is better than fine gold and more precious than rubies.

ANGELS EVERYWHERE.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."
Milton.

A MYRIAD angels hover about this earth below,
And in and out our thresholds their footsteps come and go,
While in our very blindness their forms we do not know.

They sing to us in music, they smile on us in dreams,
They speak to us in echoes the worldly spirit deems;
But chirruping of woodbirds and chattering of streams.

They make light in our corners, they purify our air,
They take our hands unconscious, and guide us unaware;
The presence of their ministry is sweetly everywhere.

They sit up in the nursery, and kiss the babes to sleep;
Across the holy hearth-place they join their hands to keep
The light of love undimmed by the tears pained hearts do weep.

They lurk about the sick room, and trace upon the wall
Quaint legends for still musings when twilight shadows fall,
And pleasant thoughts and words they help us to recall.

Then steal they near the bed-side, and hold our passive hands,
And talk to us of strange things that health scarce understands,
Till home-like to the soul grow far-off heavenly lands.

R. M.